

[Written for the Indianapolis Sentinel.]

META WOODRUF.

By Mrs. Addie Dettch Frank.

CHAPTER IX.

It was over a week since Mr. Woodruff and his bride had arrived home. Gertrude had just received a letter from Hal saying that he would be with them the following morning, Tuesday, and there were two happy girls in Woodruff Hall. Meta and her stepmother seldom met except at table, and then but few words passed between them. Mr. Woodruff spent most of his time with Lina, as she said she could not endure to have him out of her sight. Arthur was with the girls most of the time, which, of course, was very annoying to his hostess.

Meta, greatly improved in health, was once more her old self, although at times she seemed more grave than she used to be. Her father noticed this, and it sometimes made him feel just a little angry with her. For why did she not try to love Lina, that noble wife of his, who was anxious to win her love; that woman who charmed him more and more every day, and who was all that was good?

You may think so if you like, Mr. Woodruff, but your daughter knows differently; she knows that this woman's life and loving manner are all a base deception, practiced upon you for no good.

It was Tuesday morning at last, bright and beautiful. Meta and Gertrude were on the porch, waiting for the carriage to return from the station, bringing to them one whom they were so anxious to see. At last the carriage drove up to the door, and before the driver had time to leave his seat, the door was thrown open and Harry Harris, or Hal, as we shall call him, jumped out. Springing forward, he clasped the girl who stood nearest to him in a loving embrace, and showed his teeth after his own lovely face, not knowing in his joy at meeting his sister that he was embracing his cousin.

"Well brother Hal, I—"

"Good heavens, Gertrude, what a mistake I have made. Excuse me, Meta. I would not have been guilty of committing such an ungentlemanly act for half a kingdom. Now, Gertrude, I will give you your share—there, they come second-handed, but they are genuine."

"For shame, Hal. Remember Meta and yourself are almost strangers, not having seen each other in three years."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Meta."

"It is granted. Welcome, Cousin Hal, to Woodruff Hall."

"And say, too, Hal. Come into the house; Jack will attend to your baggage," said Mr. Woodruff, as he came to the door to meet his handsome nephew.

"Thank you, uncle; but before I allow myself to enter your hospitable mansion you must promise to protect me from these young ladies."

"You will first have to inform me of the nature of the punishment they intend inflicting upon you."

"That of talking me to death," answered the mischievous Hal in a grinning tone.

"Here is my hand, my boy; I will be your friend," said the appearance of Arthur Braden the subject was dropped for the moment.

"Why, Braden, how do you do, and how in the name of the wide world did you get here?" exclaimed Hal, as he recognized Arthur.

"I am glad to see you, Hal. I should never have recognized in you the boy who, five years ago, studied law with my uncle, had I not known you were coming. Believe me, I am glad to have the pleasure of renewing your acquaintance."

"Was he glad to renew the acquaintance of one who knew his whole life's history? Perhaps he had forgotten it for the moment, or thought that Hal had forgotten that little incident in his life. Even if he had not, Arthur resolved to make the best of a bad situation."

"There was no harm in loving Lina Mason; but she was no longer Lina Mason. He meant to forget her, to be near her and think of her as she is now, Olive Woodruff's wife."

"You are just in time, Mr. Braden, and I am glad you came, as Gertrude and I need a strong arm to protect us from my cousin during his stay at Woodruff Hall, as he has already secured my father's sworn friendship and service."

"Will you please be so kind, Miss Woodruff, as to inform me of what he is, or will be, guilty of?"

"Nothing in the world, Braden, and I protest against," interrupted Hal.

"Silence, sir; Miss Woodruff has the floor now," said Arthur.

"The most abominable of all evils, that of teasing," continued Meta.

"Ladies, I am at your service."

"Come in, Hal. These girls have no regard for a weary, worn out traveler."

"You are right, uncle."

All four went into the drawing-room, where Lina was busily engaged with some fancy work. Mr. Woodruff introduced Hal to his wife, and as she extended her hand to him, shook it cordially.

"I hope, Mr. Harris, that you will make yourself at home here and enjoy your visit."

"Thank you; but to begin with, you must not treat me with so much formality. My name is Hal, and I shall expect you, the same as the rest, to call me Hal. Beautiful name, isn't it?"

"I can not say I like it; yet what is there in a name?" replied Mrs. Woodruff.

"A great deal, some times. Mrs. Woodruff, for instance, take my cousin Meta—if her name was Jennie. I am sure she would not be so handsome. What do you say, Arthur?"

"That a rose by any other name would smell just as sweet. Fortunately, Miss Woodruff is not a rose, therefore I am afraid the name you mentioned would have some effect on her beauty."

"You are right; although in choosing me for a subject, I fear you have made a grave mistake, as there can be no beauty in a woolly head and a white face. If you continue this subject further I shall accept it as a gross insult," interrupted Meta indignantly. She could not bear to have herself brought into a discussion in which her stepmother took a part.

"You are right, Meta; had I noticed your head and face before I spoke, I should never have said what I did. I was thinking of you as you used to be," replied Hal. "But come, little cousin, tell me what your plans are for the rest of the day."

"After dinner we will have a stroll through the park, this evening a ride on horseback, and to-night music. How do you like that?"

"It is splendid. You are both capital girls. Gertrude, you have grown ever so much since you came here; country life seems to agree with you. It is to be hoped that if you are ever so fortunate as to find someone to have you, he will be a good, whole-souled farmer."

"How kind you are, brother; I am ever so much obliged to you. I hope your wish may be granted, as I could never think of marrying one of my brother's profession."

In this way time passed until dinner was announced. Meta was very quiet at the

table, as she always was when Lina was present, but when dinner was over, and she with her large garden hat on, sauntered out into the lovely park with her mischievous cousin Hal, followed by Gertrude and Arthur, she was as happy as a bird which had just escaped from its cage.

"I tell you, Meta, your step-mother is a fine-looking lady," said Hal.

"Yes, she is, and has charming manners."

"How in the world did Arthur Braden ever come here?"

"Through an invitation from papa and Mr. Woodruff."

"But I should have thought that this would have been the last place on earth for him to have accepted an invitation to visit."

"Why so, Hal?" asked Meta, innocently.

"For the simple reason that he was once engaged to Lina Mason, the present Mrs. Woodruff."

"Are you sure there is no mistake about this?"

"That which I tell you is true, and he was, or seemed to be, madly in love with her. Poor fellow, I used to feel very sorry for him, when he made him wait for a letter."

"I dare say they have both forgotten all about that affair long ago."

"Meta, I do not believe it. At the dinner table I noticed how attentive he was to her, and how, when she looked into his face, her eyes beamed with a brightness which I would say was love. Of course I do not speak from experience, for I have never as yet been afflicted with that dreadful malady."

"Hal, whatever you know about this affair, never mention one word about it to papa. It would ruin his new-found happiness. I like Mr. Braden, but wish he would leave here."

"It would be best. Yet I dare say he has no thought of leaving a place like this and the woman he loves."

"One thing I mean to do; that is, to keep them apart as much as possible. As long as you are here I can do so very easily. Gertrude has the planned excursions of one kind or other to some new place for every day. I shall claim you as my escort, leaving Gertrude to Mr. Braden."

"What if I should refuse to acknowledge your claim?" said the mischievous Hal.

"I have no fear, my noble cousin, of your declining to accept such an honor."

"Well, just wait and see. What a beautiful place this is, and how inviting it looks; suppose we rest here for a while. This is a nice way to treat a fellow anyhow. Who has traveled several miles this morning?"

"Oh, Hal, you do look dreadful tired and worn out; lie down here and I will watch you while you sleep. Here is my hat, you may have it for a pillow."

"That settles it. With your pretty face near me, and your hat under my head, no sleep would ever come to my eyes."

"I am most awfully sorry. Well, you two must be unusually lazy, or like my young charge here, you are tired, as we have been here sometime." Meta said, as Arthur and Gertrude approached.

"Indeed, we are neither the one or the other, but have been walking slowly, admiring the scenery and flowers. You must not always believe my brother when he complains of being tired, for if you were to complain of the same he—"

"Would lift her in his strong arms, carry her back to the hall, and find her a place to lie and rest," interrupted Hal.

"Then, sir, if Mr. Braden will lend us a helping hand, we will do so with you," replied Meta, laughing.

"Miss Woodruff, I am at your service. Only assign to me my share of this arduous task," said Arthur.

"You are all very willing, but as you are not yet ready to return to the hall, I will excuse you."

"Thank you, brother, for the mercy you have shown us," said Gertrude.

"Arthur, you must remain at home with me. I can not endure this separation any longer."

"What am I to do about it? I can not, dare not, refuse to accompany them, or else they might suspect something was not right."

"I had you come here that I might have you to myself. You are my guest, and not theirs."

"Not yours alone, Lina. Honor and respect to both you and your husband compel me to respect his daughter and her guests."

"Arthur, I do not believe you love me as you used to."

"You judge me wrongly, Lina, for whenever my eyes catch one glimpse of your smiling face, I am brought back to you, and you, my evil spirit."

"To horse, Mr. Braden; we are all ready and waiting for you," said Meta.

"I beg your pardon, ladies, and promise to do better next time."

Arthur mounted his horse, took his place beside Gertrude, and all four rode away, laughing and chatting gaily.

"Why do you look and seem so unhappy, Lina?"

"Unhappy, Oliver! Why should I be unhappy? I am not with you."

"Your wife is my presence all that is necessary to make you happy?"

"What a queer question," she answered, evading the direct one to his question.

"It may seem so to you, but I must acknowledge that in our short married life there have been moments when I thought you had the appearance of one who needed loving more than a husband to make you happy. What is it, wife; can you not confide in me?"

"I have nothing to confide in. I have told you more than once that my past life was a mistake."

"But you have never mentioned to me in what way it was so."

"Nor do I ever expect to. My past belongs to me alone."

"And your future, little woman?"

"To God and—"

"Why do you hesitate, my darling? Will you never overcome this shyness with me?"

Mrs. Woodruff did not answer her husband, but entered the house, followed by the man she had promised to love, honor and obey, and in a short time by Meta and her guests.

[CONTINUED TO-MORROW.]

The Revolution

In medical practice, which has taken place within the past thirty years, has been very marked. When Hostetter's Stomach Bitters first made its appearance, violent purgation, the lancet and narcotics were measures resorted to with little regard to the idiosyncrasies of the sick. Now infinitely more satisfactory results are accomplished with the Bitters. The constipated are no longer doled and drenched, the fever-stricken are not weakened by bleeding, and sedatives have taken the place of opiates. Dyspepsia, nervousness, insomnia, irregularity of the bowels, rheumatism, and chills and fever, are successfully treated with this popular tonic and regulator. As a mediocrated stimulant, it is professionally commended, and is preferable as a means of renewing exhausted energy, to the average tonic. These statements rest upon ample evidence.

Durkee's Salad Dressing and Cold Meat Sauce is made from the freshest, purest and choicest condiments obtainable. In using it, waste, labor, anxiety and disappointment are prevented.

FROM THE SUNDAY SENTINEL.

DYNAMITE STABBED.

Captain Thomas Phelan, of Kansas City, a Victim of the Knife of an Assassin.

He Exposes Some Secrets, is Deceived to New York and Stabbed.

PHELAN'S ASSASSINATION.

The Kansas City Dynamiter Gives Away Secrets and Is Stabbed in O'Donovan Rossa's Office, New York, Yesterday.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—There are very few new developments in the matter to-day. O'Donovan Rossa was reticent when approached on the subject. Mayor T. B. Sullivan, of Kansas City, and a friend of Phelan's, called on him to-day.

The condition of Captain Phelan continues to improve. This afternoon John T. Reilly, a friend, had a conversation with him. To his friend Phelan said he came here to explain certain matters to Rossa about the interview published in the Kansas City Journal. He now believes he was deliberately entrapped into Rossa's office to be murdered. "Tom," said Reilly, "when I knew you in Kansas you were always too quick with your 'top' to be caught on a snap. Why did you let them catch you this way?" "I didn't have time," returned Phelan; "and, besides, the room was so small and the attack so sudden, that I couldn't get my pistol out. He got to me with a reporter attached to his back, and he knew Phelan well, in Kansas City, in 1872, when he once prevented him from fighting a duel with a man named McCreedy. He said while Phelan was a man of spirit, quick, strong, yet he would take a great deal of abuse before getting angry."

Phelan's Assassin Arraigned.

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Once Lieutenant of the Capital Police.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—Captain Phelan, of Kansas City, who was attacked in O'Donovan Rossa's office, New York, yesterday, was Lieutenant of the Capital Police here during the Forty-sixth Congress. He held the place two or three years, but when the Kansas City district became Republican through a split among the Democrats, Phelan lost his position and returned to Kansas City. Since he left Washington, rumors have from time to time reached here connecting him with the dynamiters. It was not until he had gone to England on a dynamite expedition, and this is the trip to which he referred in his interview, published in Kansas City.

Captain Phelan's Wife.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 10.—The wife of Captain Phelan left here this morning for New York to join her husband. She bears her trial with great fortitude. Phelan is described as a man of remarkable courage, quick tempered, and fond of notoriety. At one time he traveled about the country giving exhibitions of his skill as a marksman. His wife is a devoted woman, and a recent interview published here, but opinions differ as to whether he went in response to a summons there or for purposes of his own. It is generally supposed, however, that there was some misunderstanding regarding the interview and he desired to clear it up.

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The gist of the story told by Captain Phelan and published in the Kansas City Journal—Which Led to His Being Stabbed.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 10.—The interview with Captain Phelan, heretofore mentioned, which was published in the Journal of this city on December 21, is devoted chiefly to the relation of a plot to blow up the steamer Queen, and a description of the manner of manipulating their mysterious dynamite machine. The story, as told by the Captain, is substantially as follows. In June, 1883, he made a voyage to Europe to secure information which would prevent the extradition of P. J. Sheridan, an Irish agitator, and his removal to England. He visited Paris and accomplished his mission. Meanwhile, however, the British Government abandoned the effort to extradite Sheridan, and the matter was dropped. Continuing the story, Phelan said that before leaving New York he met a number of agitators, among them John P. Kearney, who blew up the Caledonian Railway Station at Glasgow and afterward escaped to America. He sailed in the Belgravia, and Kearney was to follow three days later in the Queen, and they were to meet in Edinburgh. He knew that when the plan to blow up the Queen after the passengers landed at Liverpool. When the men met at Edinburgh Phelan said Kearney why he had not carried out the latter. He replied he had placed a sufficient quantity of dynamite to blow up the steamer in the vessel's hold, but when the vessel arrived at Liverpool she anchored in the stream, and the passengers were taken ashore in a tender. Kearney was not permitted to go to the hold, so he came away, leaving in his place fifteen pounds of dynamite, which would probably explode in about two weeks later, after it had begun to rot, and would imperil hundreds of lives. Phelan determined to go to Liverpool and warn the officers. Kearney protested it would be suicide. Phelan, however, persisted and visited the Queen and informed the officers, and learned they had received a cable message from New York fifteen minutes after the vessel landed, describing the plot, which led to the discovery of the explosive and saving the steamer. Phelan remained in Liverpool, and also by Mr. Jenkinson, who had charge of the criminal prosecutions in Ireland, all of whom tried to get him into the service of the Government. They told him the names of several prominent Irish patriots who were working for the Government, and he began to see how the authorities secured some of their information. He could not conjecture how they discovered the Queen plot, as Kearney had said it was known only to O'Donovan Rossa, Kearney and himself. He supposed some one had dropped upon Kearney's plans in New York City. In concluding his narrative, Phelan said he was finally permitted to leave Liverpool. When he arrived at Glasgow he found his valises had been broken open and searched; he thought, by a man who introduced himself in Edinburgh as James Powers, and whom Phelan believed was a British detective. He was then taken to a room in the city, and there he was kept for several days. He was then taken to a room in the city, and there he was kept for several days. He was then taken to a room in the city, and there he was kept for several days.

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KANSAS CITY, Jan. 10.—The interview with Captain Phelan, heretofore mentioned, which was published in the Journal of this city on December 21, is devoted chiefly to the relation of a plot to blow up the steamer Queen, and a description of the manner of manipulating their mysterious dynamite machine. The story, as told by the Captain, is substantially as follows. In June, 1883, he made a voyage to Europe to secure information which would prevent the extradition of P. J. Sheridan, an Irish agitator, and his removal to England. He visited Paris and accomplished his mission. Meanwhile, however, the British Government abandoned the effort to extradite Sheridan, and the matter was dropped. Continuing the story, Phelan said that before leaving New York he met a number of agitators, among them John P. Kearney, who blew up the Caledonian Railway Station at Glasgow and afterward escaped to America. He sailed in the Belgravia, and Kearney was to follow three days later in the Queen, and they were to meet in Edinburgh. He knew that when the plan to blow up the Queen after the passengers landed at Liverpool. When the men met at Edinburgh Phelan said Kearney why he had not carried out the latter. He replied he had placed a sufficient quantity of dynamite to blow up the steamer in the vessel's hold, but when the vessel arrived at Liverpool she anchored in the stream, and the passengers were taken ashore in a tender. Kearney was not permitted to go to the hold, so he came away, leaving in his place fifteen pounds of dynamite, which would probably explode in about two weeks later, after it had begun to rot, and would imperil hundreds of lives. Phelan determined to go to Liverpool and warn the officers. Kearney protested it would be suicide. Phelan, however, persisted and visited the Queen and informed the officers, and learned they had received a cable message from New York fifteen minutes after the vessel landed, describing the plot, which led to the discovery of the explosive and saving the steamer. Phelan remained in Liverpool, and also by Mr. Jenkinson, who had charge of the criminal prosecutions in Ireland, all of whom tried to get him into the service of the Government. They told him the names of several prominent Irish patriots who were working for the Government, and he began to see how the authorities secured some of their information. He could not conjecture how they discovered the Queen plot, as Kearney had said it was known only to O'Donovan Rossa, Kearney and himself. He supposed some one had dropped upon Kearney's plans in New York City. In concluding his narrative, Phelan said he was finally permitted to leave Liverpool. When he arrived at Glasgow he found his valises had been broken open and searched; he thought, by a man who introduced himself in Edinburgh as James Powers, and whom Phelan believed was a British detective. He was then taken to a room in the city, and there he was kept for several days. He was then taken to a room in the city, and there he was kept for several days. He was then taken to a room in the city, and there he was kept for several days.

Phelan's Assassin Arraigned.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—Richard Short, the man who stabbed Captain Phelan yesterday in O'Donovan Rossa's office, was arraigned in court to-day. Few people were present, and Short appeared calm and collected. The prisoner was remanded to await the result of Phelan's injuries. Later he was seen in his cell by a reporter, but refused to say anything. At the hospital the physicians said Phelan's condition had improved since midnight, and it was barely possible that he might recover.

Once Lieutenant of the Capital Police.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—Captain Phelan, of Kansas City, who was attacked in O'Donovan Rossa's office, New York, yesterday, was Lieutenant of the Capital Police here during the Forty-sixth Congress. He held the place two or three years, but when the Kansas City district became Republican through a split among the Democrats, Phelan lost his position and returned to Kansas City. Since he left Washington, rumors have from time to time reached here connecting him with the dynamiters. It was not until he had gone to England on a dynamite expedition, and this is the trip to which he referred in his interview, published in Kansas City.

Captain Phelan's Wife.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 10.—The wife of Captain Phelan left here this morning for New York to join her husband. She bears her trial with great fortitude. Phelan is described as a man of remarkable courage, quick tempered, and fond of notoriety. At one time he traveled about the country giving exhibitions of his skill as a marksman. His wife is a devoted woman, and a recent interview published here, but opinions differ as to whether he went in response to a summons there or for purposes of his own. It is generally supposed, however, that there was some misunderstanding regarding the interview and he desired to clear it up.

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